



For the Liberator.

THE SLAVE-WOMAN'S APPEAL.

Sisters, hear our cry of anguish; listen to our earnest plea:
We have hearts like yours to suffer, crushed, degraded though they be;
We have souls like yours, immortal—are we taught their worth to know?
Taught the worth of truth and virtue, of all vice the deadly foe?

You are shielded from such danger, in your pleasant, happy homes,
For Affection watches o'er you, speaks in kind and gentle tones—
Guards you from all cares and evils that beset your path of life,
Till the young confiding maiden takes the sacred name of wife.

Are we thus beloved, protected?—is the wreath of Honor twined,
When the hapless Quadroon maiden ye the bridal chapel bind?
May her husband's arm protect her? Is her home a holy place,
Where no tyrant's power can reach her, where no outrage can disgrace?

Will her country's laws protect her? unto them may she appeal?
Will your nation's gifted statesman plead for her with earnest zeal?
In your halls of legislation may her mournful tale be told?
Is not Eloquence made silent by the glare of Southern gold?

Free-born sons of brave New England! will ye thus assist the strong?
Will ye not protect the weak one from the grasp of giant Wrong?
Tell no more the thrilling story of the fight on Duncker's side—
Boast no more of your brave Warrens, whose hearts' blood the green sod dyed.

Will not Adams' voice reprove ye, ye recreant sons of noble sires,
If ye thus upon her altar quench of Freedom's light the fire?
Not so spoke our patriot fathers, when th' oppressor's power they spurned,
And, by deeds of lofty daring, Fame's bright wreath so nobly earned.

Look upon your own fair sisters—think how dear they are to thee!
Could ye calmly stand beside them, and their wrongs and sufferings see?
Would ye not with life defend them—save them from dishonor's stain?
Could their voice in pleading accents call on you for aid in vain?

Daughters of the Pilgrim mothers, surely ye should fearless be;
Nor alone should your companions wake for those beyond the sea!
Shall your wronged Hungarian sisters claim your sympathy and aid,
And your sisters of the South-land be to Haynau vile betrayed?

Many a noble young Jassella, fearless, high-souled, true and brave,
Pines in hopeless, cruel bondage, by the blue Poto-mac's wave.
By the Santee, famed in story, by the deep Missouri's tide,
Where the beautiful Ohio leaves the prairie's verdant side.

Still in bondage toil your sisters; still the galling chain they wear;
Will ye then not strive to aid them—in their woes have ye no share?
Are ye Christian wives and daughters? Can ye coldly turn away,
And to a God of love and mercy can ye for a blessing pray?

Not thus spake the gentle Teacher, when upon the mountain side
He revealed his heavenly mission, taught the truths for which he died—
Did he bid us scorn the lowly, coldly pass the suffering poor,
And the outcast, homeless wanderer drive from out our fast-closed door?

Such were not his blessed teachings when he spake to thee and me—
Break the bonds of the oppressor!—Christian, let the slave go free!
Barre, Mass. CARRIE.

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Earth is all beautiful, earth is all bright,
Teeming with usefulness, beaming with light.
Why, then, repetitions? why murrings of care?
Whence come the wallings and sours of despair?

Why is there discord? What makes the jar?
Man is the guilty one, man makes the war.
Sold is his birthright, for pleasure and pelf,
Lost to the brotherhood, lost to himself.

Lost to the godlike that struggles within,
Conquered by pride, and ambition, and sin,
Joined heart and hand to the blood-thirsty throng,
Cursing the earth with oppression and wrong.

Blighting the buds of true love in their bloom,
Filling the land with misfortune and gloom,
Binding in fetters the body and mind,
That God in his wisdom made free as the wind.

God of the suffering! God of the free!
Hopefully, earnestly, turn we to thee!
Wilt thou not soften the cold hearts of steel?
Wilt thou not teach men to love God and feel?

If it is great to be free in Kossuth,
If it is godlike, Oh! shall we be mute,
When our countrymen cast off the chain,
Oh! shall we seize them and bind them again?

Oh! shall we hunt them again to that doom
Worse than the dungeon dark, worse than the tomb?
Doom more degrading, more terrible far,
Than ever was laid on Kossuth by the czar?

God of the bondman! Oh, God of the free!
Hopefully, earnestly, turn we to thee!
Teach thou our rulers the right from the wrong;
Teach them the weak have a claim on the strong;

That thy law is the law that all men should obey,
Despite of earth's gods, Fillmore, Webster, or Clay;
That the deeds that make patriots over the sea,
Cannot make men traitors 'where all men are free.'

Oh! lead thou our people to see the right way,
(The night's darkest moments are just before day),
And may the glad shouts that this morning we hear,
Usher in the dawn of a glorious year.

A year of relief to the poor and distressed,
A year full of hope to the crushed and oppressed,
A year when the slave shall escape from the rod,
Standing forth in thy strength, in thy image, Oh God!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Columbia, favored of the skies!

How can thy banner wave,

While at thy feet thy neighbor lies

A crushed and broken slave?

The Liberator.

DR. LORD'S REPLY.

FRIEND GARRISON:

As I am the mutual friend referred to in Dr. Lord's reply to Daniel Foster, I deem a few words from myself necessary in the premises.

When I was a little boy, I would sometimes gather chestnuts, and occasionally would find a large burr, upon opening which a single well developed nut would be found, but with a worm in it. Now, the nut would be but a small part of the whole mass belonging to it, and then the worm rendered it worthless. I confess to an equal disappointment in relation to the reply to friend Foster's discourse. I certainly thought some passages in the sermon in bad taste, and do not approve of shocking the established opinions and faith of any persons, (who have not been able to take a similar view of the subject,) by rudely pronouncing any thing honestly held as truth to be a 'lie'; but I am not able to perceive that the reply mends the fault. Divested of the husk or burr of personal invectives, the argument might be compressed into a very small space, making the division of it for want of space wholly unnecessary, because the whole of it consists in endeavoring to show that Jesus and Moses were in no case at disagreement.

In Dr. Lord's Philosophical Tract, No. 2, p. 5, he says:—Now, I propose to give you a remedy for all these evils—i. e., the evil consequences of a false philosophy. 'Say, will you receive it? I wish further to say, that I have the key of Biblical exegesis, or the true interpretation of the Scriptures, as verily as I have of Philosophy. I can note the rocks where our commentators have been wrecked, and by which they were deceived, and have deceived the church; and the world for ages on ages, and are still doing it, and hereby almost taking the Bible from us; for the difference in taking it away, as do the Catholics, or falsely interpreting it, as do the Protestants, is to me no material. There is, as I can show, scarcely a prophecy in the Old or New Testament, or a doctrine in theology, which is not absolutely in the same fix. Who is willing to know whether this is so or not? I further aver that the gospel, as a whole, which is now being preached in every part of Christendom, compared with the true gospel of God our Savior, is as the cloudy moonlight, compared with the full light of a midsummer's day.'

Again, p. 8:—I am no misanthrope, no infidel, no skeptic, but I owe it to God and Nature that I am not, and not to the world's wit or wisdom, as contained in her philosophy or theology. 'Well, why, then, it may be asked, are we not all skeptics, infidels and unbelievers? I answer, the greater proportion of the race are so, and we owe it, as above said, to God and Nature, that we are not all so. By the term Nature, I do not mean Nature totally depraved; I mean Nature, the term being legitimately defined. Now, I ask, who, having first read these extracts, or the book from which they are copied, could believe that the author would be likely to write such a reply to an honest, mistaken inquirer after truth, unless the senses of sight or hearing, 'confirmed by consciousness as a sense,' made the fact so 'apodictical' as to be beyond dispute? If Garrison, Foster, and all 'the rest of mankind,' are groping in the darkness of false philosophy and theology, and cannot help it, who is to blame? And is it the wisdom of philosophy—say, of the only true philosophy and of the only true philosopher in the world—to treat them with sneering and contemptuous sarcasm for argument? Should he not treat them with at least as much forbearance as he does Hume, Gibbon and Thomas Paine, whom he considers the victims of a false philosophy and an equally false theology? Dr. Lord justifies Kossuth in refraining from speaking of American slavery, because, if he did, it would be impossible to accomplish the object for which he came to this country. I might suggest, that as the Dr. is ardently desirous of exciting an interest in the minds of inquiring men, in respect to his philosophy and theology, an equal prudence might incline him to take a lesson from the great Magyar, and treat us with some degree of courtesy and forbearance in our labyrinthine wanderings; and the Dr. may be assured, that if he can find any set of men and women throughout God's universe of 'matter, motion, mode, state, primary and secondary qualities,' he will find them among these very 'infidel' abolitionists, who think there is some disagreement between Moses and Christ, and who, having renounced the world's theology, which he pronounces false, are without his true theology, from the fact that he has never been able to set it before them, for want of the 'needful,' and who therefore do not yet know that he has it for them.

The following is a fundamental rule in the Doctor's principles of logic—Every hypothesis, assumption, or supposed fact, which presents itself as a candidate for a place in our creed as a subject of knowledge, or article of faith and settled belief, must first be proved to have the assent, consent and approbation of the following things, viz.—Consciousness, Common Sense, the Nature of Things, the legitimate definition and use of Language, Utility, Indispensability and Demonstration.

Now, by this rule, I am willing to try the question, whether Moses and Jesus were ever antagonistic; and if I can show it in a single instance, it will be enough for my purpose; and I think I can show it in more instances than one.

Dr. Lord denies that Moses taught the doctrine of retaliation. Let us see. As we must be precise in the use of words and definitions, we must consult authority. Webster defines Retaliate thus:—'To return like for like: to repay or requite by an act of the same kind as has been received.' Moses says:—'And if a man cause a blemish in his neighbor, as he hath done, so shall it be done unto him. Breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth; as he hath caused a blemish in a man, so shall it be done to him again.' Leviticus 24:19, 20; Exodus 21:24, 25. I think that is retaliation. Let us hear what Jesus says:—'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, love your enemies.' Mt. 5:38, 39; 43:44. The doctrine that men should hate their enemies was not a part of Moses' law in set words, but a tradition. Yet Jesus places it in the category with a portion of the law, and abrogates both together as of equal value.

Now, I maintain that nothing can be plainer, tried by consciousness, common sense, the nature of things, the legitimate definition and use of language, utility, indispensability and demonstration, than that Moses taught the doctrine of retaliation; or, that there is something among the writings of Moses that does not belong there; or, that Moses did not write the Pentateuch; and that, if he was the author of the writings attributed to him, Jesus and Moses were antagonistic in one instance. This is enough for my purpose. I could show other instances as strikingly evident, but I forbear. If Jesus, then, agreed with Moses generally, and recognised him as the true prophet of God, and yet denied his teachings once—yes, more, as not consistent with the teachings he came to inculcate—let those who maintain that all that Moses promulgated, with a 'thus said the Lord,' was dictated by the spirit of the unchangeable God, or one sent by him and a perfect teacher, settle the difference—or, at least, the apparent difference, as they can; and if Jesus, in contradicting Moses, contradicts himself, it cannot be helped.

Dr. Lord speaks of the anti-slavery church with apparent indignation; but I can find an apology here. In Mr. Garrison's lecture in the City Hall, two years ago, he used the term 'anti-slavery church.'

The Dr. understood him to mean the anti-slavery society, and the necessity of joining that, in order to belong to the true church of the present age. Instead of which, the term 'anti-slavery church' was used by way of accommodation, every true abolitionist being considered as belonging to the church, congregation, or fraternity of brotherly love and good will to our neighbor, irrespective of clime, color or condition, and this, whether he belong to the anti-slavery society or not. Dr. Lord, although he said he would not go into that church, is there, if he is the abolitionist he professes to be.

Notwithstanding the character of the Dr.'s reply, he is a kind and good man, and his philosophical principles are worth examining and understanding. But taking his reply as a stand-point of observation, I am afraid his Biblical exegesis will not give us any better hope of a resurrection than we now have; but I hope for the best. I have no desire to relinquish the Bible as a revelation from God, but it 'must be proved to have the assent and consent of consciousness, common sense, the nature of things, legitimate definition and use of language, utility, indispensability and demonstration.'

GIDEON LONGPROBE.

REV. JOHN LORD.

BROTHER GARRISON:

If any act of mine can prove the first day of the week, I am guilty of profanity, for this morning I have galloped over (to say run would be a bad use of words) that portion of the reply to Bro. Foster's sermon on the plenary inspiration of the Bible published in the last Liberator, from the pen of one John Lord, who is a reverend. I say, galloped over the reply; for, to all intents, it was a literary steeple-chase. Give the sequel—the to be concluded next week—'If you can, a little in advance of publication day!'

But, seriously, I am sorry that the servants of God are so scarce, that the reverend John Lord should have felt called upon to defend the Old Testament before the infidels of the Liberator. Did it never occur to John Lord, that some of us who read the Liberator may have read the Bible also? Did it never occur to John Lord, that some of us have the organ of comparison sufficiently developed to discover the difference between hatred and love, between retaliation and forgiveness, between cursing and blessing, between wrath and mercy, between clanship and fraternity? If not, let him come up this way, for I will assure him that while he will find Orthodox clergymen who can use the term *infidel* as slipshod as can he, he will also find school-boys, and girls, too, that can point him to striking differences between the religion and laws of the Hebrew Scriptures, and the religion and laws of the New Testament.

Has it come to this, that a book written under the eye and by the special command of God, should have lacked the inherent evidence of that fact, so momentous? The question at issue is the plenary inspiration of the Bible, as asserted by the reverend and their paymasters. All who do not fall in with their say so, are at once silenced by a concert of clerical voices crying out, 'Infidel! Infidel!'

The clergy have two hobbies which they ride, properly, the *old mare* and the *colt*. So long as they can keep the old mare harnessed, they are sure the colt is safe. When they will go abroad in the world, they ride the old mare, which represents the *plenary inspiration*; when they go among their subscribers and pew-holders, those that feed them, they ride the colt, which represents *holiness*, the *holy Sabbath*—as if holiness was an attribute of time. You may think this a low figure or comparison; so do I. But how can I illustrate a low, false and wicked subject by a lofty and dignified comparison? I regret, as much as any one, the necessity laid upon us of exposing 'pious frauds'; yet frauds that have thus far been safe from

'Pulpit, bar and throne,
May be reached by ridicule alone.'

But, in taking up my pen to-day, I had no intention of replying to Mr. Lord. He is in good hands, and I shall be greatly disappointed if he is not fairly dealt with. My wish is to assure you, in this way, and every other way in my power, that you have earned my sympathy and sincere respect, not so much for your devotion to the cause of the slave, (that is expected), as for your concentration of thought and action towards those cardinal principles which underlie every hopeful movement in the cause of humanity. I respect the fairness and candor by which you keep your readers advised of all that is said against you by your opponents. This course, so commendable in you, is doubly valuable to your readers, for thereby we get the same amount of information usually to be found in two publications of opposite views, interests, and opinions.

Then, the crowning excellency of the Liberator, as a periodical, is, its devotion to free discussion. This, of course, will limit your circulation; but, at the same time, this fact is of some consequence in determining the number of living men to be found in the community. It is said that dead fish have a strong tendency to follow the current; the same may be said of men.

The Bible question, it seems to me, cannot be crowded off much longer. It is of an absorbing character, and must be met. There is a mighty under current, which is kept down by strong, superficial agencies; but those agencies are growing weaker every day, and we ought to be prepared to meet every question which may arise. The inspiration of the Bible, in the sense taught by the representatives of the old dark theology of our fathers, is daily wearing away, leaving only here and there the footprints of those crude notions that once so generally obtained. Social and even religious reformers have, from the necessity of the case, been compelled to examine the authenticity of the Bible, just as historians have been obliged to compare and examine the authenticity of historical books. For one, I hope the Liberator will continue the medium of this discussion. The time will come when a volume of the Liberator will command a hundred fold its present price. The mind cannot halt; it is upward and onward. That bloody code of Moses, the war spirit of modern times, must melt before the effulgent blaze of fraternal and paternal sympathy.

In order to be able to extend the circulation of the Liberator more widely among my friends, and, if possible, to increase your subscription list, I desire you to send me two copies in future, commencing with the present volume. This will enable me to keep some of our people better advised of what the *infidel* reformers are doing, as our Orthodox minister is pleased to call them.

Yours for free discussion,
Pepperell, Jan. 11, 1852. A. H. WOOD.

COMPLAINTS OF A SUBSCRIBER.

W. L. GARRISON:

RESPECTED FRIENDS,—It happened that when our friend Abby K. Foster was here, a short time since, and talked to us on the evils of slavery and the impotency of our Constitution, that the paper I had usually taken having stopped, on account of the subscription having expired, I was induced, from her representation, and a desire to become more familiar with anti-slavery sentiment, to pay twenty shillings—that is, twelve shillings extra—for the gratification. I wish not to be as lengthy as some of your correspondents; therefore, I will simply state, that I am more than gratified; like the man who stood up so straight, he 'leaned' rather way.

On looking over your paper of the 24 of January, I was no longer in doubt as to the cause of the slow progress of the anti-slavery sentiment effectively. The want of union, harmony and good feeling among the friends of emancipation, as evinced in that long

letter from William Farmer, was well calculated to excite a feeling of deep sorrow; first, that it should be necessary to vindicate the character of George Thompson; and, secondly, that the writer should have been equally assiduous to undermine the character of Frederick Douglass. Each has his friends, and both their enemies, so far as principles are concerned. For my own part, I was in happy ignorance of any thing but a good understanding subsisted between them. I am most unhappily undeceived, or disappointed. 'Ignorance,' in such a case, 'is bliss.'

Grating as it was to my feelings to wade through that long epistle, it was equally so to follow lawyer Phillips in his tirade against Kossuth. I say lawyer Phillips, for it seemed that every point on which an argument could hang was tortured to a vast plain. How a generous, noble soul could stoop so low, I cannot conceive. He seems to aim to crush the mighty genius of the man Kossuth, but I fear the blow must recoil upon himself. Kossuth is laboring for his country and his country's cause. He tells you he will not unite with any party, or interfere with the domestic affairs of this government. You condemn him because he will not join your cause; others may condemn him for not using his influence to advance theirs. All know that for him to join in with the abolition movement would be fatal, not to himself alone, but to the cause. He finds us battling for freedom; he does not offer to arrest your movement. He argues for the right of every nation to regulate its own affairs. If so, it would be disregarding his own avowed sentiments to expose our faults, and why? Because he finds enough sufficiently competent among ourselves. He advocates the equality of the human race. You say he must be more explicit. He gives us credit for sufficient intellect to apply his remarks without further illustration. You say, in substance, we are too dull to comprehend. I cannot admit it, for I cannot but believe he is doing more for the cause of freedom, than all the lecturers we have had for a long time. Little inducement has he to avow himself an abolitionist, if your last paper is a sample of the harmony that reigns among you. How much is taken up with private scandal, a stab at the reputation of men whose motive are perhaps as honest as your own! If this is non resistance, give me open warfare. If you can see no virtue in individuals or in community, you are mere objects of pity than censure.

I say, that in every effort to portray the sufferings of his race, Kossuth portrays the ignominy of our own. The intelligent mind sees it at a glance. The evil stands apparent, but as yet the antidote is not so clear. He extols the beauty of that glorious freedom we enjoy. How could he do otherwise? If we prove false to our faith, the fault is our own. If we have men who are recreant to the cause, surely this should not condemn the whole. I conceive that Kossuth refers not so much to what we are, as to what we might be, and his remarks might be turned to better account than with a microscopic eye to spy defects, and charge him with bowing to an idol which his soul abhors.

Again—Why not let every man or woman toil in their own sphere? It is an easy matter to ridicule and find something to condemn in others; more so than to act consistently ourselves. The Puritans fled from persecution for contending for natural rights. Others sprang up, whose object was the same, but, forsooth, they would not do it in their way; and what was the result? Well might Mrs. Foster say that want of union at the North neutralized their efforts against slavery. It is even so; and a want of union among abolitionists costs more to be sustained, with far less effect than if the reverse was the case. Just so with professing Christians; and being so, injures the cause more than infidelity.

One word more, and I have done. Let us labor, if we can, in love. Let the world remain in ignorance of any disagreement among ourselves. Let us cultivate the spirit of brotherly love and charity, and we may yet enjoy the fruits.

I close with the remark, that your last paper contained so little of instruction or amusement, that I withheld it from my friends. Who could be interested by such personality, when a cause so momentous is at stake?

This being my sentiment, I care not to add to or detract from its merits by giving a name further than

O. C. A. S. S. C. S. S. S.

REPLY OF THE AUSTRIAN CHARGE.

LONDON, Christmas Day, 1851.

DEAR GARRISON:—You will doubtless have seen, ere this reaches you, the reply of the Austrian Charge d'Affaires at the Court of Washington to Mr. Webster, your Secretary of State, in which he turns your 'domestic institution' against yourselves in the most masterly manner.

I remember to have heard it said, that Mr. Webster's document was a masterpiece of statesmanship, and did him high credit; and I have no doubt it was well reasoned upon the assumptions on which it proceeded. He would, of course, keep out of sight your own wickedness, that while you professed the principles of liberty, you cast aside those principles as to your fellow-man, if God presumed to make them black, not even allowing them the possession of their own persons, except in subjection to those who called themselves their owners.

I have always congratulated you and the world—that portion of the world interested in liberty—upon the fact that you had, by your courage and perseverance, made this a world wide question. You see it has now become so familiar to European statesmen and governments, that they taunt you with it, notwithstanding that they are despoils upon principle, though not quite in the same degree as you are despoils towards your fellow-citizens of a different color.

See with what aptness the Austrian Charge d'Affaires takes out of the States—South Carolina and Mississippi—because there, according to his document, the majority of the inhabitants are kept in a state of degrading personal slavery, with a total prohibition of political and social rights utterly unknown in any portion of the Austrian dominions. That in fourteen out of twenty-one States, the same is the case with a very large portion of the native-born inhabitants; and that even those States in which the system does not exist are pledged to support it in the others, for which purpose, says the Charge d'Affaires, the General Government is the instrument and agent, without the perpetual discharge of which, especially the unscrupulous return of all refugees from servitude, the Union could not continue; and then the application which he makes of it to the 'right divine' claimed by the slaveholders over their slaves.

This is the way in which your efforts are now working in Europe and throughout the world. See how the natural language, even from Austrian lips, peeps out in relation to Kossuth. The whole letter is an excellent and well applied sarcasm against the North Americans, treating them in their national capacity, and it will tell upon the world, and bite their guilty consciences, because it is true.

Mr. Webster, and those of his grade, will feel how weak they are when they are proclaiming the great principles of democracy, and will feel themselves nerveless as it regards their utterances in favor of liberty; and they will not venture so readily to turn periods in favor of liberty, with a view to raise men's admiration of the principles of democracy from their pens and lips.

I remember, in some former letter, to have pointed out that the effect of your exertions, and of the interposition which your people will probably be desirous of making in Europe, would be to destroy slavery by the opportunities for retort it supplies to their opponents, and the conviction which the Austrian king throws out, through his Charge d'Affaires, that some

black Kossuth may arise to vindicate the rights of the blacks against these short-coming democrats, shows that the conviction of the government of God exists in his mind as it regards other people, although he has not the good sense to see that the same government will in all probability inflict its scourge upon him, for his own wicked abuses of power.

Then, again, the taunt to your American lovers of liberty, that he does not prohibit any of his subjects from learning to read and write, but that, on the contrary, all Austrians are taught to read and write, is severe, but, against you, just; whilst we know that from him, though argumentatively true, it is unholy and heartless; but it does not tell with the less force upon the minds and opinions of the world against North America, with such opportunities for knowledge, and professing to be believers in Christianity, yet daring to prevent their fellow-men from gaining a knowledge of the truths taught by it.

All this we owe to your resolution, when young, that you would be heard; to your perseverance through manhood; and the day, as I now think, is probably within the period of your own life, when you shall see slavery abolished in America. It is now only a question of time. Events are manifestly with you, for your enemies, you see, are working for you. If you were in Austria or in Hungary, and dared to speak the sentiments of your mind, that same king who now is advocating your principles—God demands that he means to destroy—would shut you up in prison, and would take care that no *white Kossuth* preached the principles of liberty. Yet he has not a doubt—that is, his Charge d'Affaires is instructed to say—that some black Kossuth will arise to teach your American statesmen to regret their opposition to his wickedness.

EDWARD SEARCH.

From the East Boston Ledger.

THANKSGIVING WITH THE SPIRITS.

RAPIDLY IN EAST BOSTON.

We did not know until last week, when the article from which we make the following extracts was sent us, marked for notice, that the 'spirits' had made any particular demonstration in Noddie's Island. It seems, however, that they have not overlooked us. The writer of the article—published in the *Deedham Democrat*—says that, being in East Boston on Thanksgiving Day, and hearing a good deal said about the manifestations, he attended a meeting for the purpose of seeing and hearing for himself. He says—

'We met at the house of Mr. David Hoyt, 31 Webster street. And I wish to say here, that the reputation of this excellent family is sufficient guaranty against anything like trickery and deception on their part. The daughter of Mr. Hoyt, an amiable and truthful young lady, is the medium. There were present at the meeting Mr. Hoyt, his wife and daughter; Mr. Ingersoll, of Boston; the writer; and some ten or twelve other gentlemen and ladies. We were seated around a large square dining-table. Scarcely had we taken our seats when the rapping commenced, so loud and strong as to start the table from the floor at each concussion. This was the spirit of a military commander, who held the office of colonel while living in the body. This spirit made the most wonderful demonstration of strength that I ever witnessed. He was a very powerful man while living, it is said by those who knew him. He lifted the table, which I should judge would weigh thirty or forty pounds, square up from the floor, turned it on one side, then back, wheeled it around, and while this was going on, a lady in the corner, fearing the lamp, in which was burning, would be overturned, reached her hand to take it from the table, when the most boisterous raps were made directly under the lamp; and on asking the colonel what he wanted, he replied, 'Let the lamp alone, I'll take care of that.' While everything else was rolled from the table, the lamp stood upright during the whole time. A number of gentlemen took hold of the table, and tried to hold it still, but could not do it. I now took hold of one side of the table, and lifting it from the floor, requested the colonel to raise the other up even with mine, which he instantly did. The spirit told the business of each one of the company by imitating the sounds made in the various mechanical professions. For instance, the carpenter by sawing and planing, the cooper by driving down hoops and smoothing the staves, &c. But the grandest scene in this line was the imitation of one of the great battles in Mexico under Gen. Taylor, viz. the taking of Buena Vista. In the distance you could hear the thunder of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the sharp crack of the rifle. This was one of the most wonderful exhibitions I ever witnessed.'

Many other spirits were present, and responded to their relatives around the table. One spirit being questioned about the manner of his death, gave a most perfect imitation of the railroad cars in motion. He was killed on the railroad. The spirit of a little girl, who died when about seven years old, on being asked by a gentleman if she had any message to send to her mother, spelled out the following: 'Tell her I love her, and want her to come with her child. I am always watching over her.' The same little spirit, on being asked to dictate an epitaph for her grave stone, replied: 'Write none, it is useless.' There was one incident I intended to relate when speaking of the manifestations made by the colonel. Now, said I, Colonel, will you convince me and the company present that you are a real spirit, by doing some one thing that I shall tell you *mentally* to do? He answered that he would. I then, without speaking or moving my lips, as the thought was formed in my mind, he commenced the tune, and continued it thoroughly and astonishingly correct. Thus after two or three hours' sitting, we bade the spirits good night. Long will it be before the women and men composing that circle will forget the Thanksgiving spent with the Spirits.'

Slavery Advocated by one of its Victims.—On Thursday evening last, a colored man named Jones, for some years a slave at the South, gave an account of his life, at Lyceum Hall, South Boston. Supposing that of course he would speak against the peculiar institution of the South, several gentlemen who believe that slavery is the greatest curse of our country, and that it should be abolished, cost what it may, came forward, and assisted in paying the expenses of the hall.

Much to their surprise, however, Jones took a different view of the matter, applauding Daniel Webster for the course he had taken, and saying that the happiest part of his life was when he was a slave. In deed, he, for one, had no objection to returning to 'Old Virginia,' and thought that the slaves of the South were much happier than many persons at the North. This greatly excited several of the contributors, and two or three gentlemen arose and endeavored to refute Jones's statements. He, however, persevered in his statements till the close of the meeting stopped the dispute.—*Boston Traveller*.

Nothing is more eagerly caught up by the 'evangelical' Traveller, than an incident of this kind—to demonstrate precisely how deeply it sympathizes with them in bondage. According to the Traveller, Jones 'advocated slavery,' and therefore very naturally 'applauded Daniel Webster for the course he had taken.' It is not true, however, that Jones said he had no objection to returning to Old Virginia, or that he spoke of the happiness he enjoyed as a slave. During the Sim's excitement, he was constantly armed, for fear of being arrested. He is, however, a worthless man—has been in the Dedham jail for adultery—has obtained various sums of money from philanthropic individuals, on different pretences—as has been repeatedly advertised in the Liberator as an impostor, and seems to be incorrigible in his habits.

Mr. Daniel Webster and the Traveller are welcome to him as his ally. There is no doubt that Jones was a tool in the hands of certain South Boston Whigs, who hoped to bring the anti-slavery cause into contempt by his foolish harangue.

The dinner to Mr. George Steers, the builder of the yacht America, came off last evening. The banquet was attended by about 300 persons; and during the evening, a beautiful set of Silver Pitchers and Salvers was presented to the guest. Numerous toasts were drunk, and responses made, by John Van Buren, Simon Draper, E. K. Collins and others.

New York, Jan. 10.

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CURES WITHOUT FAULT.
CUTS, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, CHILBLAINS, SORE THROAT, INJURY BY FALLS, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ETC., ETC., ETC.

TRY IT ONCE.
YOU NEVER WILL BE WITHOUT IT.